

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer
Augusta, May 27, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
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Collectors' Notices.

M. Y. DARLING will canvas Piscataqua County during the months of May and June.

Mr. EDWARD R. PENNIMORE will call upon our subscribers in New Haven, New Haven and Groton between the 1st and 20th of June.

Mr. C. S. A. will call upon subscribers in West Somersett during the month of May.

Children at School.

Our educational leaders, that is to say, Mr. Johnson and his coadjutors, the County Supervisors, will earn the lasting gratitude of their fellow citizens if they succeed in reforming the mode of training children in the way of knowledge. As Mr. Stetson says, the chief business of our children in our public schools, as at present conducted, during several years of their early education, is to *ache*. Sitting on bad benches, often in constrained positions, in a heated atmosphere, for hours together, it is impossible for them to keep their minds to their books more than a small portion of the time, and the rest hangs heavily on their heads.

Fobidden to make pictures or play with strings or paper balls, or even to sleep, what can they do but *ache*? This attempt to apply to young minds the discipline that is tedious even to the mature, is not simply useless, nor a mere waste of time and pains. It is, we presume to say, in many cases, positively injurious both to the body and the mind of the young learner. How many damaged constitutions are chargeable to the school room, or how many diseases become such through the disgust excited by enforced pouring over their dull books, when their whole natures rebelled against it, may never be known; but it is hardly to be supposed that we can with impunity do violence to the laws of their being.

The art of drawing, it is thought, can be in great part acquired by very young children. Every one knows with what eagerness they turn from books to the slate and pencil. Writing, too, can with advantage, be taught much earlier in life than now. Let it be at first on slates, afterwards on paper, with pencil, and last of all with ink. We understand that in the primary schools of Lewiston, writing on slates is one of the very first things taught, and that the progress of the children therein is surprising. Children will even master the alphabet sooner by learning to copy it with their own hands. They should also be encouraged to make the art of writing their own, and use it for their own purpose—such as the keeping of diaries and other memoranda. These things help to make a pastime which is now a heavy task, and far from being a sacrifice of utility, they are a gain in every respect.

Doubtless there are many other points in which the method of instruction might be reformed to the great relief of tortured childhood. But there still remains the difficulties of a sanitary and disciplinary character. The former can in part be easily remedied, and will be as soon as people are sufficiently enlightened as to the laws of health. A reform in discipline is not difficult when schools are graded; but while children of four and five years are trained in the same room with those of twenty years, it will be no easy task to give each the discipline best adapted to it.

Out of the earnest discussion of methods now going on among educators, we are confident that great good will come. As our readers are convinced of the existence of serious evils and defects in our present mode of training, let them be prepared to welcome reform. Let them acquaint themselves with the arguments in favor of various schemes for improvement, that they may accept which commends itself to their intelligent judgment, and that, if they feel called upon to reject a proposition, they may have some better reason than a blind attachment to old ways, simply because they are old.

A Dark Picture.

The correspondents of several newspapers whose editors cannot be suspected of a desire to exaggerate in the matter, have been painting the actual condition of the South, particularly of South Carolina; and a black picture it is. The governing class in that State is composed of negroes, who constitute the majority of the population. They are densely ignorant, too ignorant, in fact, to do much mischief, were they not managed by a few "scalawags" white who have attached themselves to the negro party for the sake of spoils. There are honest white men with them, but they are very few. Legislation has been marked by the wildest extravagance. The taxes have trebled, while the value of property has sunk one half. They who possess both the wealth and the brain of the community are in the minority, and utterly powerless with the legislature. Terribly galling must it be to the once proud aristocracy of South Carolina, to be governed by a coalition of barbarism and knavery, and when they see such government driving the State heading to ruin, we must not be surprised at the most frantic efforts on their part for self-preservation. The tax-payers have organized, and are trying to secure such a change in the constitution as will give them representation in the legislature, and enable them to offer effectual resistance to the tide of extravagance and corruption. If this attempt fails, it is said that they will then strike by Ku Klux tactics to force the national government to set up military rule, which they would vastly prefer to that of their present plunders.

The New York Tribune, whose correspondent furnishes the above facts, comments in the following language:

"The most intelligent, the influential, the educated, the really useful men of the South, deprived of all political power, have come to look upon themselves as the outlaws of society. A despotism, formed of savages, and by the ignorant class, which only yesterday held the fields and served in the kitchen, they care nothing for politics except to thumb the nose at you."

"The Pullman excursion party over the East and Main Central Railroads from Boston to Matwankeag, last week, reached this city on their return trip on Thursday at half past eleven, and the train, after a few minutes detention, left for Portland and Boston. Every one who had the privilege of joining in this delightful excursion, speaks of the manner in which it was conducted in the most enthusiastic terms. The entire credit of its inception and successful consummation is due to the foresight and liberal enterprise of the management of the Main Central Railroad, ably seconded by Superintendent Prentiss of the Eastern Railroad and the Directors of the European and North American. Nothing was left undone by them for the comfort and enjoyment of the excursionists. On their arrival at Portland on Thursday P. M., a splendid dinner was served at the Falmouth House, the occasion being marked by pleasant speeches and sentiment from distinguished gentlemen of the party. At five o'clock P. M., the excursion train left for Boston."

"We learn by a dispatch from Washington, that Capt. Benj. H. Gilbreath, U. S. Military Store keeper, a former well known citizen of Augusta, and for several years in charge of the Kennebec Arsenal, from which post he was transferred about two years since to Benicia Arsenal, California, has been ordered to command the arsenals in that city, and the progress made by the pupils in its charge."

"By our foreign telegraphic summary it will be seen that the Versailles forces, after a bloody struggle, have established themselves in the city of Paris, occupying almost every important position, and the reign of terror of the insurrectionary Commune is at an end."

DEATH BY DROWNING. The death by drowning of Mr. George H. Farrington, for several years past the popular and efficient chief clerk in the Augusta post office, on Thursday morning last, has caused an unusually profound and painful feeling of sadness in this community. About half-past eight o'clock, in company with Mr. Jabez B. Fellows, of the firm of Hunt & Fellows, he started in a small row boat, owned by the latter gentleman, from Parrot & Bradbury's wharf, for a short pull on the river, an exercise to which they were both frequently accustomed. They had rowed the boat some distance above the Kennebec bridge, when by some mischance, Farrington's oar got caught in the current, which was running very swiftly, breaking off the row lock, capsizing the boat and throwing the young men into the water. They both succeeded in getting upon the bottom of the boat, neither of them apparently regarding the situation as one of special peril, and in this way floated down the stream until just as they were passing the pier of the bridge Farrington sprang from the boat into the water with the manifest intention of swimming to the shore—a distance of not more than thirty yards. Fellow, however, still clinging to the boat, Farrington was known as an excellent swimmer, and he probably anticipated not the slightest doubt of his being able safely and quickly to accomplish the task. The tide was at the ebb, however, and the current being unusually strong, he seemed unable to make any progress toward the point at which he was aiming, and was borne swiftly down the stream, until opposite steamer wharf he was observed by many persons who had watched the adventure from the commencement, but with no apprehensions of a fatal result, to falter and show symptoms of exhaustion. In a moment more, throwing up one hand and giving a despairing call for help, he sank out of sight. Those watching expected to see him rise again to the surface, and prompt action was being taken for his rescue, but alas! he had sunk to rise no more. Meanwhile Fellows, still clinging to his boat, was carried down the river till, when opposite the town landing, Mr. John Phiney, who had put off to his assistance, reached him and brought him ashore.

The boat was then incorporated in April 1771, its first town meeting was not held until nearly a month afterwards, viz.: May 29th, and the corresponding day of this year making a hundred years of its history, the citizens determined should be observed in a manner befitting an occasion so much interest. The entire success of the celebration of Saturday last—which the delightful day helped to render more complete—was chiefly the result of the well-matured plans of the committee, and the diligent work of the citizens who assisted in carrying them out. They have just reason to be proud of the manner in which the centenary anniversary of this good old town was observed.

The procession was one of the notable features. It was a study in itself, and brought the children of to-day more fresh and real the scenes and events of our grandfather's times, than did the word-pictures of the orator and poet. Its contents were as amusing as they were faithful. The wooden plover, the column stod firm, the windlass broke, and the pulley fell into the air and then descended, striking a sailor and sounding "Tum-tum." After this accident M. Alcock, chairman of the naval academy at Annapolis, was injured by fire to the eye, and the sailors were sent to the hospital.

"Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be now carried into effect?"

The prisoner said in a natural voice:

"No anything."

The Sheriff asked if he desired any further delay and received a negative reply by a shake of the head. All this time the prisoner was standing unperturbed, and gave no sign of emotion except a gentle swaying of the body. At 11 o'clock he was led to the scaffold, and the crowd, attended by Sheriff Martin, Sheriff Root of Tomkins, and Sheriff Swift Brown. The prisoners walked without support, under the nose, which having been arranged, Sheriff Martin read the short warrant, and then the condemned were led to the gallows.

"Good-bye," said Farrington.

"I am a swimmer," said Farrington.

The Winthrop Centennial.

Winthrop was the first town incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, April 20th, 1771, twenty-six years before the incorporation of Augusta. Three other towns in Kennebec county received acts of incorporation the same day, with Winthrop, viz.: Hallowell, Vassalboro and Winslow. Starting thus early in its municipal capacity, the town became one of the pioneers in the work of settling and civilizing the central portion of our State, and it has always maintained an honorable and important position among its sister municipalities. At an agricultural town, it is probably excused by nature in its natural facilities and advantages, while it occupies the birthplace of improved agriculture in Maine, where the first agricultural newspaper was established, and the first agricultural society located. Its citizens have always taken a leading part in the most moral reforms of the day, responded generously to our country's severals calls for aid in its defense, and were noted for intelligence, enterprise, public spirit and the display of the social virtues.

Although the town was incorporated in April 1771, its first town meeting was not held until nearly a month afterwards, viz.: May 29th, and the corresponding day of this year making a hundred years of its history, the citizens determined should be observed in a manner befitting an occasion so much interest. The entire success of the celebration of Saturday last—which the delightful day helped to render more complete—was chiefly the result of the well-matured plans of the committee, and the diligent work of the citizens who assisted in carrying them out. They have just reason to be proud of the manner in which the centenary anniversary of this good old town was observed.

The execution of Edward H. Bullock, for the murder of Frederick A. Merrick, on the 18th of August last, was somewhat revolting, and he slept but little. At 6 o'clock Thursday morning he was removed to the scaffold in the square, and the gallows were erected. Three bands of music were present, and with the words of the hymn "Jesus, save us" the condemned was led to the scaffold. The pulpit was in the rear, and the organist, Mr. Webster, played the organ.

He died with the same firmness he has exhibited from his arrest. His last night was somewhat restless, and he slept but little. At 6 o'clock Thursday morning he was removed to the scaffold in the square, and the gallows were erected. Three bands of music were present, and with the words of the hymn "Jesus, save us" the condemned was led to the scaffold. The pulpit was in the rear, and the organist, Mr. Webster, played the organ.

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Foreign News.

The Insurrection in Paris.

Progress of the Bombardment.
Paris, May 17. P. M.—The Anteul and Versailles гарнизоны have surrendered to the bombardment, and the neighborhood has gone silent under the terrific fire. It is believed that the Versaillists are undermining the walls near the Mette gate. Dissensions continue among the communist commanders.

Terrorist Explosions—Five Hundred Lives Lost.

At six o'clock to-day an explosion took place in a carriage factory in the Avenue Rappé which occurred great consternation. The explosion was tremendous, and the author it has been arrested. The loss of life is at present unknown.

Two hundred persons were killed near the Avenue de Trocadero last night. Most of them were women.

Last night the police authorities of the Hotel de Ville, with a guard of Fire Tires, descended upon Peter's American restaurant, and arrested 150 men and women who were supposingly Communists. The defense of that extravagance was not in keeping with the times. Among those arrested were several superior officers of the Commune, whom it has been determined to punish for neglecting their duty for pleasure.

Confiscation of the French.

Paris, May 18. The Committee of Public Safety officially declares that the explosion of cartridges on Avenue Rappé was the work of agents of the Versaillist government.

The mangled remains of the victims of the explosion exhibited in the streets of Paris are in tremendous commotion. From a window in the west front of the Tuilleries, the theory of the conduct of the government, the body of a man, and before long it is reported that that extravagance was not in keeping with the times. Among those arrested were several superior officers of the Commune, whom it has been determined to punish for neglecting their duty for pleasure.

The Victory Confirmed.

Versailles, May 21. The latest particulars concerning the progress of the revolution in Paris are in the hands of the government.

The 23d and 10th regiments of the

that they have dismounted the guns of the Versaillists at Gennevilliers. The inhabitants of Malakoff and the villages near Vaugard and Montrouge are flying from their dwellings. The Central Committee orders all Parisians to return to their homes within forty-eight hours on pain of forfeiture of the rents standing in their names.

The Government Troops Enter Paris.

Versailles, May 21, Sunday evening. The Versaillists have entered Paris at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The entrance was effected simultaneously at points at the gate of St. Cloud, near Poins du Jour, and the gate of Montrouge, on the Boulevard Brune. The insurgents have abandoned the ramparts.

Wholesale Explosions—Five Hundred Lives Lost.

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Special Notices.

Poisonous Medicines.

The theory that the virus of disease can be safely counteracted by doses of poison, is false and dangerous. Within the last twenty-five years, not less than a score of virulent poisons have been added to the repertory of the medical profession. They are given in small doses, otherwise they would destroy life immediately but, in moderate quantities they do little, if any, damage, very dangerous indeed. It is wise and unphilosophical to employ, as remedies, powerful and insidious drugs, which, in subduing one disease, sow the seeds of another still more malignant.

Drugs are to be used with much care and caution, with as much directness and certainty upon the causes of disease as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic and corrective, without a single deleterious quality. Arsenic is a powerful and dangerous drug, but, if the lighted draft, easiest managed. Any good druggist will advise all to try this Bitter before buying any other. It is the most dangerous of all poisons for nervous disorders; strychnine and prussic acid for general debility; mercury, in various forms, for liver complaints; prussic acid and gentian for rheumatism; and yet these drugs are often used for specific diseases with perfect safety.

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The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

WORD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

She rose up in the early dawn,
And the battle had gone.
To battle for the land they loved,
And the men who had died.
Wanted for killing, from the strife;
He died for the love of his breed.
The long day passed; the dark night came;
She had not seen a human face;
She had not seen a human face—
How loud it sounded in that place,
But she did not hear it; bring you word?
She cried to whom she could not see—
"I am your husband; I am your home!"

A soldier entered at the door.

"And stood within the dim light,
"Bring you tidings of the fight?"

"God bless her, friend," she cried, "speak on!"

"For one more kiss, then go!"

"Lady, your husband, he is dead!"

She put her hand upon her brow;

"A brief sharp pain was in her brow."

The soldier uttered her sighs.

"Your young son, dear madam, fought

Closes the eyes of his dead."

She moved her lips, and seemed to mean;

Her face had paled to ashen gray.

"One life is left—one alone."

Oh! overruling, all wise God!

"The last remaining son was slain."

The soldier walked across the floor.

Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold drops from his cheek,

"Once more, dear lady, I must speak!"

"Twas he who sent me here to-night."

"The fight itself was not so hard."

Our Story Teller.

HARD TIMES.

BY AUGUSTA LEARNED.

Mrs. Fairman was a proud woman, if she did enjoy misery; and she had no intention of letting Mrs. Henslow know that the family lived on canaille bread.

Obed had been kicked in the chest by Blackie. He was trying to run with the family, now, as he looked at the cold, bleak, brown fields, taken in connection with the canaille loaves behind the stove, it seemed plain to her mind that there was a judgment upon them, and in a vague way she connected the job with the man's conduct.

She had been kindly received at the Blackie's, and was with him. Mrs. Fairman had told the men folks, rather than the women, that she was to stay with them.

"Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Dacres, bringing her hand down on the arm of her chair.

"Do you think we're to have a trial?"

"I don't mean that he is likely."

"Then we'll have to go to trial."

"I am your husband, too, dead!"

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